

1773
62c
MISCELLANIES
IN
PROSE and VERSE.

CONTAINING
CANDID AND IMPARTIAL OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS

BELONGING TO THE
TWO THEATRES-ROYAL;
From January 1773, to May 1775.

LIKEWISE
STRICTURES

On two favourite TRAGEDIES, viz.
The ORPHAN and the FAIR PENITENT.
Being Part of an epistolary Correspondence on those Subjects with a young Lady.

WITH
Many other agreeable and interesting ARTICLES, such
as PASTORAL SONGS, EPITAPHS, &c. &c.

By WILLIAM HAWKINS, Gent.

Etatis conjouſque notandi ſunt tibi mores.

H O R.

*A young Advent'rer with a little Art,
Here boldly ventures on the Critic's part,
" And praifes as he cenſures, from the Heart."*

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, and ſold by T. BELL, No. 26,
BELL-YARD, TEMPLE-BAR, 1775.
(Price bound, Two Shillings and Sixpence.)

17

W. Musgrave



3

Epistle Dedicatory.

To a certain Young Lady.

Dear Madam,

TO whom can I address these few
Sheets, with so much Pleasure
and Satisfaction, as to your beauteous
Self, who has at once taken the sole
Possession of my Heart; and whose
Charms and amiable Qualities, have so
often filled my Soul with Love and A-
doration. Therefore, dear Charmer,
deign to accept of this Trifle, (which
was wrote with the greatest Pleasure
and Delight, solely at your Request,

iv EPISTLE DEDICATORY:

and for your kind Perusal;) nor think me prone to Flattery. I could wish it was more worthy your Attention; but am convinced, if not from its intrinsic Merit, at least for its Author's Sake, you will condescend to look upon it with some little Candour and Respect. With these flattering Hopes, I take Leave to subscribe myself,

Your truly affectionate,

And devoted humble Servant,

WILLIAM HAWKINS.

May 20th, 1775.

P R E F A C E.

The piece you think is incorrect, why take it.

I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it.

POPE.

TH E following pages
are the first efforts of
a youthful mind, and
was wrote purely for the Au-
thor's amusement, and now
first collected and revised, (with
such alterations, additions, and
improvements, as he thought

necessary to make,) at the particular request of the young Lady, to whom the book is addressed; though he thinks it but justice to inform the readers, that many of the articles contained in this work, he has at different times inserted in Magazines and other periodical publications; particularly what he then called, Remarks on the Principal Performers; but as they were too precipitately written, he has wrote the following Observations on a more judicious and extensive plan, by selecting what useful matter he thought necessary from the former, and having interspersed it with what he has now written, by which, he

he flatters himself, this undertaking, (trifling as he is sensible it must appear) will be thought far superior to the former; as he has given an account of all the Principal Performers that have appeared at either of the Theatres from the time he formerly set out to the present Period. He has likewise added a CONCLUSION, wherein the Merits and Demerits of most of the inferior Performers are set forth. Therefore, after saying thus much, he has nothing more to plead to his courteous Readers, (nor to judge Criticism, and his critical Court of Inquest) than by declaring his sole Motive for giving Birth to this Production,

was entirely to oblige the afore-
said young Lady ; with that
View he humbly submits it to
Perusal of the indulgent Public ;
at the same time hoping, the
few auxiliary Forces he has been
obliged to call in from other Au-
thors, will be deemed Venial,
and with humble Dependence
on Candour and generous Cri-
ticism, he launches his little
Pinnance, trembling from the
Shore.





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E R-

ERRATA.

- P. 21, l. 3, *for last, read least.*
- P. 26, l. 4, *for imitation, read imitator.*
- P. 39, l. 6, *for part, read port.*
- P. 43, l. 5, *for such, read such as.*
- Ibid, l. 12, *for The, read This.*
- P. 48, l. 13, *for the, read that:*
- P. 51, l. 3, *for ha, read has.*
- Ibid, l. 4, *fer Mr. Yates, read Mrs. Yates.*
- P. 64, l. 2, *for annot, read cannot.*
- P. 73, l. 15, *for Cordelia, read Cordelio.*
- P. 78, l. 7, *for lay, read lays.*
- P. 90, l. 4, *for I, read It.*
- P. 131, l. 6. *for God! read Gods!*
- P. 134, l. 19, *for But, read And.*
- P. 140, l. 8, *for dife, read despise.*

* * * The Readers and Monthly Reviewers are requested to pardon the above Errors, and others they may occasionally meet with in this Work, which could not be corrected, on Account of the Author's Distance from the Press:

CANDID and IMPARTIAL
OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

D R U R Y - L A N E.
DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

***** HE first on the list of theatrical
* T * fame, stands the inimitable Ros-
* * * cius; one of the greatest orna-
***** ments that ever decked the Eng-
lish Stage; but whose excellencies are best
described in the words of his favourite and
immortal poet *Shakespeare*.

“ He is a man take him for all in all,

“ We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

So

• HAMLET, ACT I, Scene 2.

■ OBSERVATIONS ON THE

So many pens of almost all ranks and denominations in literature, for these thirty years past, have been employed in treating of Mr. *Garrick*, both as an actor and a writer; that I must confess I find it a difficult task to collect untouched materials; as such I shall not at this time presume to enter into the merit, or demerit, of this first-rate ornament of the British Stage, for fear I should become a vile encroacher, and consequently make use of another man's property as my own: therefore, in order to avoid as much as possible this observation, I shall only give my courteous readers a description of his person; though at the same time, I must beg leave to intersperse a little borrowed matter, in order to speak of him with more precision than I probably might without these materials. But to his person, Mr. *Garrick* though low in stature, is regularly made, and well proportioned; his face is strongly and finely featured, but on the whole not handsome; and yet, much less cannot be said to the contrary. His eyes have
been

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 3

been ever and universally admired; their cut is what a painter would call bold and perfect, their size is big, the pupil large, strong, lively, active, and variable; their colour dark, surrounded and set off with a due proportion of white, that gives to their every motion, a brilliancy, a distinctness, a life that speaks in every glance. His complexion is dark; and lastly his voice, which, from its harmony, sweetness, and moreover from its pliancy, and extensive variety, has ever been admired. Having given a brief and just account of Mr. *Garrick's* person, I shall proceed to relate the names of some of the most celebrated characters this great actor shines in; without attempting to enter into his excellence in any particular, for fear I should suffer for my presumption, and run my account of this gentleman into a prolixity of useless and unmeaning matter; as such my intention is to touch upon Mr. *Garrick*, (as well as the following performers in general) in as true and concise manner as possible. But I shall proceed to relate a few

4 OBSERVATIONS ON THE

of the various parts he is most eminent in; which in tragedy are Macbeth, Lear, Richard, Hamlet, Lufignan, Dorilas, &c. &c. In comedy, Able Drugger, Benedick, Kite-ly, Ranger, Archer, Don Felix, &c. &c. Were I capable of communicating to the reader, the names of all the various characters Mr. Garrick excels in, and likewise to point out his excellence in each particular part, it probably might swell to the size of a large volume; they are indeed so numerous as to leave sufficient room for me to make this remark; that in short, the most explicit and accurate manner I can find in summing up this gentleman's character as an actor, is by the following lines.

The tragic muse, her laurel crown bestows,
To fix it blooming on her GARRICK's brows;
The comic muse her mask has made his own,
And SHAKESPEARE lives, whilst lives his Dar-
ling Son.

Ha-

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 5

Having said thus much, on our English Roscius, I shall conclude; and proceed to the next on the list at Drury-Lane theatre, which I believe is cordially allowed to stand.

Mr. S M I T H.

Mr. SMITH is a very pleasing and judicious actor; and in the parts of the unaffected well-bred gentleman, he irreproachably claims the foremost rank on the stage, for uniform elegance, ease, and suitable vivacity. His person is likewise one of the genteelst that I know; and his whole deportment admirably polite and affable. What a pity it is, that this actor should so often mistake his abilities, by straying out of that road which nature has so happily placed him in; did he retain less thoughts of his unfavourable muse Melpomene, and confine himself more to his best friend Thalia, I would insure his success to be much greater than it is, as not one upon

the stage would have a chance to equal him in his walk : not but I must allow Mr. *Smith* to have many capital requisites for a tragedian, but he is apt to wade out of his depth ; and were it not for his agility and good sense, I am persuaded he would sometimes be in danger of drowning : wherefore I greatly prefer in him the comedian to the tragedian ; he is more self-bred, and has a greater variety in the former than in the latter ; in tragedy he has too much levity, and wants expression, and his voice though clear and sonorous, wants variation ; as he scarce ever speaks but in one continual tone : yet he possesses great fervour and manly spirit ; particularly in his *Richard*, his *Alexander*, and the like ; his *Jachimo*, his *Phocyas* in the siege of *Damascus*, &c. are inimitable ; and his late attempt in *Orestes* in the *Distress'd Mother*, has deservedly gained him no small share of applause, being chaste and respectable throughout the whole. And were there not quite such a repeated sameness in Mr. *Smith's* action

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

action and voice, there would be no doubt of his becoming a very accomplished actor.

Smith is at once the manly and genteel,
Feels all himself, and teaches all to feel.

Mr. REDDISH.

Mr. REDDISH possesses some strokes of very conspicuous merit, though many degrees inferior to a gentleman he assumes to equal, I mean Mr. Barry; yet vanity (I am told) has often prompted him to declare himself second to none but Mr. Garrick; O! man, man, why art thou so vain!—Till Mr. Reddish can divest himself of a stiff, heavy figure, a set face, and a broken monotony of voice, he may assure himself the seeing and sagacious public will rate him far

* I hope I shall find this gentleman in future to merit this little encomium I have inscribed to him, and I wish I could with critical justice declare it at present.

8 OBSERVATIONS ON THE

inferior to the above gentleman. Mr. *Reddish* without doubt has a tolerable good share of judgment in his profession, whereby it renders him very useful in the various parts he performs; but with all the vanity he may possess himself with, he never will be able to fill a first form, at least not at such a theatre as Drury-Lane; for in many characters he wants variety, likewise expression, and a pliancy of features to exert his exterior powers: were he endowed with Mr. *Barry's* features and voice, no doubt but he'd fall very little short of that gentleman's abilities; but as dame Nature has not been so favourable in adapting him with Mr. *Barry's* theatrical requisites, I would advise him to content himself as he is, and not let ambition reign in his breast, for fear it should prove hurtful to him, as he never can presume to reach capital excellence, except in a few particular parts, as Edgar, in *Lear*; Monefes, in *Tamerlain*, &c. wherefore I am under the indispensible necessity

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 9

cessity of rating Mr. *Reddish*, not as a very capital, but an exceeding useful performer.

Reddish, forbear thyself to over-rate,
And let not vanity contaminate.

Mr. A I C K I N.

This actor's forte seems to lie mostly in the impassioned declamatory parts of tragedy, in which he without doubt deserves notice. He has of late made some few attempts in comedy; but I cannot by any means admire him in the sock; although his person and voice are both agreeable, yet he wants that natural ease and vivacity in his manner, so peculiarly necessary for the comedian, without which he never can render himself considerable in this; though there are some few parts wherein he makes a tolerable and decent appearance; as Stockwell in the *West Indian*, and Sir John Flowerdale in the *School for Fathers*; these being best suited to his manner of acting;

10 OBSERVATIONS ON THE

so that take him altogether, from his judgment, &c. in the cast of parts he is in possession of, he may be deemed a very useful and judicious actor.

Aickin was form'd by judgment and by use,
Which seldom fail some merit to produce.

* * This gentleman has quitted Drury Lane Theatre.

Mr. K I N G.

This favourite gentleman's outset was in some of the country companies. After being tired with his country pursuits, he came to London, and engaged himself at Drury-Lane Theatre, and what is very remarkable, Mr. *King* during the whole time of his engagement at this theatre, never was known once to fill a character that seemed fuitable to his talents; this probably was the motive that induced him at that time to quit Drury-Lane, and engage himself
under

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 111

under the banners of Mr. Sheridan in Ireland; it being here where he broke out a comedian of the first rank. He remained in Ireland for several years; but from a fracas happening among the principal performers of that theatre he quitted his service like a valiant soldier, and came over once more to general Garrick, where ever since he has continued to be one of the greatest favourites on the stage, by giving such repeated proofs of his excellent performance, as rank him (Mr. Garrick excepted) the best comedian on the English stage; take all in all, perhaps the best. And as a prologue speaker in the comic style, I would ask where is his equal? (the above gentleman once more excepted); he possesses in an eminent degree, that lively, spirited, and quick sensation in his manner, which is so admirably adapted for speaking this kind of writing. But above all, is that sly knowledge of the world, which is so excellently blended in Mr. King's features, and in his action, that it oftentimes sends

12 OBSERVATIONS ON THE

sends home effects to the furthestmost and remotest seats of the galleries, &c.

When lively sense, and fancy ever new,
The path dramatic, with their poesies strew,
Their sweet effluvia to our senses bring,
Their lavish essence by their envoy King.

Mr. MOODY.

This performer's justly admired abilities are in the parts of Irishmen; in those characters he has rose to eminence, being professedly the best exhibiter of Irishmen, now, on either stage; and yet it is not only in Irishmen Mr. *Moody* excels, for he is likewise capital in many parts of low comedy; I believe we may wish in vain for a better Commodore Flip, in the Fair Quaker of Deal; and Adam, in As you like It; or a Vamp, in the Author. There is considerable ease and propriety in his manner of acting, especially in his Irishmen; these characters

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 13

racters he supports with so much judgment, and humour, that of late Mr. *Moody* has become no less a favourite with the boxes, than he is with the galleries.

Moody to thee, what height of mirth we owe,
What high burlesque, and mimicry that's low.

Mr. D O D D.

Mr. D O D D, in the genteel affected coxcomb, is certainly an original; and I am informed he is no less so by nature in his private deportment, as well as on the stage; if this circumstance be true, we need not longer wonder at his excelling every other actor in this species of comedy, as he doubtless must be quite at home in personating such characters. Though I have seen him with equal merit in some parts of low comedy; as such, I should imagine Mr. *Dodd* has it in his power to be as much the Sir Gravity as the Sir Fopling: for instance,
his

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his Andrew Ague Cheek, in the Twelfth Night; his Crispn, in the Anatomist; and Old Kicksy, in the Irish Widow; are laughable in the highest degree. He is likewise exceeding useful in several singing parts, having a tolerable good, though rather artificial, voice. On the whole, Mr. *Dodd* will be found very acceptable in any theatre.

Dodd play the coxcomb, the affected beau,
But in thy conduct,—be not really so. †

* I should have mentioned Mr. WESTON, immediately after this gentleman, but being a principal member of Mr. FOOTE's society, I think it rather inconsistent with my plan.

Mr. LOVE.

Mr. LOVE was a useful performer in the walk of comedy he was in possession of;
as

† The author hopes Mr Dodd will not be piqued at this hint.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 15

as Falstaff, Jaques, Sir Toby Belch, Caliban, Jobson, &c. those characters were best adapted to his unweildy figure, and moreover suited to his manner of acting; his voice was somewhat asthmatical, and abounded with many inharmonious tones; however he more than supplied this defect, from his judgment and knowledge in his authors, so that he was unequalled in his cast of parts. This actor was taken off this great stage of life about twelve months since; his loss is regretted by all his admirers in his profession, and by all those who knew him to be an honest, and man.

For Falstaff, Jaques, for Belch, or Caliban,
Love was the monster, if you pleas'd the man;

Mr. P A R S O N S.

This Actor's forte lies in the characters of old men, in which he without doubt claims originality, from his admirable great ease,
and

and masterly strokes of humour, which he shows in those parts; that for the moment, we are sometimes led to believe him to be the man he represents; from that exquisite feeble tottering in his manner, and the wrinkledness of old age, which appears so very conspicuous in the muscles of his face, and in his whole deportment, that we must inevitably rank him a finished actor in his walk,

Parsons well skill'd attention to engage,

Tho' young, supports each requisite of age.

Mr. VERNON.

Though as the principal vocal performer of Drury-lane theatre, I must confess I can find but little entertainment from his singing; yet I make no doubt but Mr. *Vernon* has many admirers, but there appears to me to be such an affected stiffness in his manner, as if he enjoyed more pleasure from his own harmony than his audience does.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 17

does. *Vernon* without doubt, has a very good knowledge of music, though in point of voice, I think him by no means in competition with your Mattocks's, Du-Bellamy's, &c. at the other house; notwithstanding there are many may wantonly contradict what I have here set down; yet were they to hear him sing in private company without the help of music, they'd be as conscious of this as myself, who have been ear witness of this assertion. As an actor, Mr. *Vernon* undoubtedly has merit in many parts of comedy; and did not too apparent a coxcomb eternally settle itself on his features, there would be no doubt of his acquiring much more applause in his profession than he has yet attained.

Music held judgment, nature held a voice;
Of music's present, *Vernon* made his choice.

Mr.

Mr. BADDELEY.

Mr. BADDELEY is a useful man among the secondary class of actors; a good low comedian, and exceeding clever in foreign footmen, which seems to be chiefly his forte; his faults are but few, as he seldom strays out of the common road, or beyond his abilities: a good Varland, in the West-Indian; a decent Trinculo, in the Tempest; or Polonius, in Hamlet; and not a bad Touchstone; notwithstanding Mr. King's superior abilities in this part, he is far from being a contemptible copy; on the whole he is a very useful and just performer.

Smiles comedy, by ev'ry feature won.
And owns that Baddeley's her real son.

Mr.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 19

Mr. PALMER.

Mr. PALMER is a promising actor, and what we may call a handsome and portly figure, save an unpardonable stoop, and awkward gait; his voice is loud and commanding, but neither pleasing nor distinct; nor is his expression and action so animated and refined as could be wished. Yet he is respectable in several parts of tragedy and comedy; and would he endeavour to give his body a little more steadiness, he cannot fail (when placed in his proper sphere of acting,) to meet applause.

Palmer with caution act your part, and try
To win our praises, and to fix our eye.

Mr. CAUTHERLEY:

What apology can I make to the all-seeing public, for introducing this young
man,

man, (who with scarce one requisite, except his person which is remarkably genteel) figures away in your Hamlet's, Romeo's Dorilas, Barnwells, &c. For Heaven sake! managers, how can you impose on the public, and the goodnatured young man's abilities in so egregious a manner, to thrust him into parts where he has not the least glimmering merit to support them; for be assured, (and your own judgments must needs tell ye,) that all the partiality you are pleased to indulge this actor with, will never render him a feast for public entertainment in the buskin. From that prodigious sameness in his manner, faintness and want of expression, and above all, his effeminate look and voice, which are so very inconsistent for supporting the dignity of tragedy; that in short, the only and best advice I can give Mr. Cauterley, is to reject all the managers' future favours of this kind, and never more sacrifice to his unmerciful performance, those excellent compositions of blank verse, he has hitherto been guilty of; but pursue the
same

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

same track of comedy he is in possession with; where he is far superior than in the former; or at last, decent in many parts; and with a little more cultivation of his talents, and attention to his profession, Mr. Cautherley may become no inconsiderable performer in the sock.

Of Cautherley if aught the muse should say,
For scribbling sake, she must advance the lay. †

Mrs. Y A T E S.

This great actress, in the present theatrical hemisphere shines a perfect constellation, (*i. e.*) in the haughty and passionate parts of tragedy; here she surpasses all her female

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† I should have been more favourable with this actor, but according to the rules of impartial criticism, he merits that censure I have thus frankly put upon him; therefore, if I offend, (as I presume I shall) I humbly crave his pardon.

co-temporaries, and ascends to the topmost seat of perfection; particularly in her favourite character Mandane in *Cyrus*, and the like. Hence we find excellence but barely answering her deserts, from her noble presence, majestic gait, piercing eyes and voice, with manner and action so suitably great, that she seldom fails of transporting the most rustic or refined into admiration; but where tender passions, stifled pangs, or soft feelings are to be expressed, Mrs. *Yates* is quite at a loss: Here we must indisputably call forth her rival Mrs. *Barry*, who appears in the former's deficiencies like *Melpomene* herself, and with such tender expression and graceful action, as must excite every feeling auditor, and strike criticism dumb: thus we are to view Mrs. *Yates* amazingly great in scenes of rage and disdain, and as cordially admire Mrs. *Barry* in grief and despair: though I shall not presume to draw any farther competition of those two ladies excellencies, for fear I should exceed the bounds of simple truth, and render it too profuse

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profuse for a work of this kind; wherefore I shall only give a concise account of Mrs. Yates in the comic walk, where I cannot speak much in her praise, notwithstanding she supports several polite parts with tolerable applause, as Lady Townly, Mrs. Oakley, Violante in the Wonder, &c. but we must impute her success solely to her genteel figure and easy carriage, as such, I am sorry to differ so much from public opinion which seems so warm in this lady's favour, by pronouncing her far beneath Mrs. Barry as a general actress,

Although possess'd of lovely charms to please,
Majesty, grace, gentility, and ease.

Mrs. ABINGTON.

The next on the list of female excellence, stands one of the greatest favourites of Thalia, (Mrs. Abington;) this true and perfect actress's much admired abilities, lie chiefly
in

in genteel comedy; and in low comedy she is unequalled by any in the parts she is in possession of; where her great variety, elegance of dress, and acquired accomplishments, render her without exception, the best female comedian on the English stage. And what Colley Cibber observes in his apology of the celebrated Mrs Oldfield, I think may justly be applied to the accomplishments of Mrs. *Abington*, which is, "That many women of the first rank might copy some part of her behaviour without the least diminution of their sense or dignity."

Grace in her steps, in ev'ry motion love,
She looks a being from the realms above.

Miss YOUNGE.

This thriving and meritorious actress, made her first appearance at Drury-lane theatre, about five or six years ago, in the part of Imogen, in *Cymbeline*; though a
a dif-

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a difficult part for a young actress to execute, yet she acquitted herself to the entire satisfaction and amazement of the audience; and like the last-mentioned lady, stands in the foremost circle of female excellence; as she has since the first time of her commencement, given such proofs of her theatrical powers, both in tragedy and comedy, for the critics to rate her an object of honour in candid criticism; her abilities being sufficiently conspicuous to induce them to make this observation; but her talents are mostly inclined to the former. She is happily suited to the dignity of tragedy; being perfectly well made, and much indebted to nature for a pliancy of features, which mark the passions she would present with great expression. — And I make no doubt in the walks of tragedy, of one day seeing her at the summit of perfection.

Younge, if to true perfection you'd aspire,
Give nature freedom and we must admire.

Miss P O P E.

Miss POPE without doubt may be accounted a first ornament in her walk, which is mostly in the parts of low comedy; and she seems to be an imitation of the celebrated Mrs. Clive; or, as the critics stile her, a second edition of that lady. Ever since Mrs. Clive's retreat from the stage, she has been in possession of most of her principal parts; and I must confess, I think her in some characters very little deficient in execution; as Nell, in the Devil to pay; Beatrice, in Much-a-do about Nothing; or Phillis, in the Conscious Lovers; in these she is, without exception, matchless; and in many other characters too numerous to mention, she possesses great spirit, and agreeable pertness in her manner. Though as to her figure it is rather bulky and unweildy, of which the critics have lately complained;

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 27

as they think it prevents her from giving that scope to her abilities they could wish; yet as Churchill remarks on two celebrated performers,

Before such merit all distinctions fly,
Prichard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

On the whole, from her extensive judgment and easy manner, we must undoubtedly rate her a very useful, judicious, and capital performer.

Her lively fancy can the stoic draw,
In peals of laughter to confess her law.

Mrs. BADDELEY.

Mrs. BADDELEY is a smart and pleasing figure, an agreeable actress, and very useful as a singer; but for virtue, modesty cries hush! I shall not dwell upon this little defect, as it is a frailty most of our theatrical

ladies are so much accustomed to, that were I to commence on this topic, I should extend my remarks beyond the bounds of decency and reason; not but I believe there are many amiable and virtuous women on the stage. But our heroine in particular, pleads the part of chastity in her characters, with so much grace, simplicity, and propriety, that were we not sensible to the contrary, we might, without a doubt, imagine it to be her natural qualification. However, as a passionate admirer of Mrs. *Baddeley* in her profession, I heartily wish her well, and all the applause her merit deserves. Yet,

Immodesty's the source of ev'ry evil,
It's artful wiles can over-reach the devil.*

* I am sorry to pay this lady so bad a compliment, but in justice to her character, I thought proper to make this remark.

Mrs.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 29

Mrs. EGERTON.

Mrs. EGERTON has merit in several parts of comedy; as Lady Townly, in the Provoked Husband; Mrs. Cadwallader, in the Author; and a number of other characters. She has likewise a very pleasing person, and generally possesses the true spirit of her author; and her performance is easy, spirited, and enlivening; in a word, she is a very useful and pleasing actress.

Made to engage all eyes, and win all hearts,
We'll name her queen of Cytherean darts.

* * * This lady has left the stage, and retired to love and enjoyment, where, an author observes, the righteous rest from their labour.

Mrs. SMITH.

Mrs. SMITH came out the winter before last at Drury-lane, where she has in the season continued to perform during that period; the part she first acted was that of Sylvia, in the dramatic romance of Cymon; in which she was received with universal applause. She has since performed several other principal singing characters with great success: particularly Polly, in the Beggar's Opera; Rosetta, in Love in a Village; Patty, in the Maid of the Mill, &c. She is a smart little figure, with an admirable sweet musical voice, and sings with the nicest precision of any lady I ever remember to have heard, excepting the late Mrs. Arne; she seems to hit off that lady's manner exactly both in singing and action. Mrs. Smith, since Mr. Garrick's alteration of Hamlet, has occasionally appeared in that play, in the part of Ophelia, with so much judg-

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judgment and ease, as for us in reason to hope, we may one day admire her as much an actress, as we now do in her singing; and this, if she adds a little more spirit to her manner, we have no room to doubt.

When Smith pours forth her sweetest serenade,
She rivals Daulia in the vernal shade.

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COVENT



COVENT-GARDEN.

SPRANGER BARRY, Esq;

FEW people in the theatrical province, I believe, are ignorant that we are indebted to Ireland for the birth of this gentleman, and likewise to his early misfortunes that occasioned him to make an attempt on the stage; a profession he certainly by nature was designed for, and where he has shone for upwards of thirty years past, with so much profit to himself, and pleasure to the public, as only to be rivalled by our English Roscius.

Mr.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 33

Mr. BARRY's first outset in this sphere of life was in the part of Othello, to the surprizing satisfaction and amazement of the general audience; for sure never did young actor shew such judgment in the choice of his first part; he seemed a finished Othello (as Chetwood terms it) dropt from the clouds, which has ever since continued to be his favourite character; and if we take a slight survey of Mr. Barry's features, &c. we need not wonder at his success in this part. First, the graces of manly beauty which are so favourably blended in his person; secondly, the prodigious flexibility and harmony of his voice, which is so excellently adapted for the exhibition of Othello; in short, in this part and others I shall mention, he is beyond critical exception. For example, where is his equal in Jaffier, Romeo, and Castilio, he is not even surpassed by the mighty chief Mr. Garrick; though I am extremely partial to that gentleman's abilities, yet justice obliges me to make this observation, notwithstanding

ing there are many scenes in the two first parts, in which Mr. *Garrick* eminently excels: but upon critical examination, I believe it will be generally allowed, through the whole course of those characters, Mr. *Barry* takes the lead: though to draw any sort of parallel between those two gentlemen would be beyond my judgment, and consequently presumptive, therefore I shall content myself with only making mention of a circumstance of this sort, and leave the rest for some more able critic to pursue. As to Castalio, I don't at this time recollect an instance of Mr. *Garrick's* performing it; Mr. *Barry's* superiority over any other actor in the lover's part, &c. must undoubtedly render him in this character matchless, from his amorous harmony of features, melting eyes, and unequalled plaintiveness of voice, which are requisites so peculiarly happy for forming the lover, that it is no wonder Mr. *Barry* should excell so far beyond any other performer in this province.

I re-

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 35

I remember once to have seen this gentleman in Romeo, particularly in the garden scene of this favourite play, (where Juliet appears at the window) I thought he spoke the following lines incomparably fine, with a fyrenic sweetness of voice.

" See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.

" Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,

" That I might touch that cheek."

And afterwards when Juliet replies, " Ah! me," then with what extacy he immediately spoke these words :

" — She speaks! she speaks!

" Oh! speak again, bright angel, for thou art

" As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,

" As is a winged messenger from Heaven."

In the parting scene in the third act of this play, I likewise thought him exceeding picturesque and affecting, where he takes
leave

leave of Juliet in a short sentence, ending as follows:

“ My life! my love! my soul! adieu!”

He seemed to penetrate the foregoing line into the hearts of the most distant spectators: but what I mostly admired in Mr. Barry's performance of this part, was the beginning of the tomb scene, where Juliet wakes; here a transport of joy, love, and tenderness flows within him; with what acclamation and rapture he delivered this sentence:

“ She speaks! she lives! and we shall still be
“ blest'd!

“ My kind propitious stars o'er-pay me now

“ For all my sorrows past;—rise, rise, my Juliet;

“ And from this cave of death, this house of
“ horror,

“ Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms,

“ There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,

“ And call thee back to life, and love.”

There

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 37

There are many more beauties and excellencies I could remark in Mr. Barry's performances, in the pathetic and amorous; but being too long for the limits of my design, they would appear tedious: all the imperfections I can discover about Mr. Barry is in his action, which is sometimes rather flat and unmeaning to the true sense of his words, and likewise a stoop in his shoulders, and a bend in his knees, as if he was ashamed of his superior stature, (as a critic observes) and desirous to level it to the common standard: but I forget that he is bordering on the vale of years, consequently such blemishes as those must now be pardoned and forgiven.

O! Barry blest with person to excell,
In vain my muse thy merit spares to tell.
Terne's boast, the stage's second pride,
The plaintive virtues in thy breast reside.

Mr.

Mr. L E E.

This established veteran from Ireland, made his appearance this winter at Covent Garden, in the part of Bayes in the Rehearsal, though I was not so fortunate as to be present at this exhibition, I cannot therefore pretend to be a competent judge of his merit in that part: but by what I have seen of him since in Benedict, Richard the third, and Osman in Zara, I think he has great abilities: he has numberless beauties which are entirely his own, as he appears to be free from imitation, and built upon nature for his guide; wherefore his performances shew themselves rather in a new dress; but how far it may be requisite I will not presume to say, though I must confess he gave pleasure to me, yet might not to others. In regard to this actor's figure, I can't speak much in its praise, I think him too corpulent and masculine; not-

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 39

notwithstanding his features are expressive, his voice articulate and powerful, his action just and graceful, and his deportment tolerable easy and refined, and what is more observable, free from that stiffness, (considering his part) many actors are subject to; these requisites, joined to a true understanding of his merit, must render Mr. Lee a valuable addition to the above stage.

When merit's great and action's just and true,
The mind it will delight, the heart subdue.

Mr. R O S S.

This gentleman was formerly a great favourite with the public, but is now upon the decline; his person, which used to be reckoned exceeding handsome and well-made, is grown fat and unwieldy; his face too plump to shew off the distention or relaxation of the muscles in exhibiting the passions; and his voice, which was pleasing
and

and distinct, is upon the break ; yet in his present state he is master of great powers ; and did he exert all of them oftener, and endeavour to put as much action in his performance as he possibly can, there are few of his co-temporaries could equal him in his walk.

Give Ross his partridge, give him too his claret †, Ross will act well—but better if you bar it.

* * This gentleman has left the London stage, and is I believe performing at Edinburgh.

Mr. M A C K L I N.

The irreparable loss the stage has sustained since this gentleman has been discarded from it, ought to be daily lamented by every

† Mr. Ross being passionately fond of what is here alluded to, but rather to excess, which I am apt to think is the cause of that mountain of flesh he is so much encumbered with.

friend

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 41

friend to the drama, to see such excellent comic abilities lie buried in oblivion: but I hope Mr. *Macklin*, by the exertion of his best friends, will be enabled to overcome the ill-grounded resentment of his enemies, and be brought back to that seat of perfection he has so long filled with admiration and astonishment. I shall not dwell upon this actor's merit, but the reader is to observe, that it is so very conspicuous as to bear the strictest scrutiny, even from his adversaries, though

" Merit will sometimes fail of due regard,

" And virtue's self must be its own reward."

Mr. WOODWARD.

What can I say of this gentleman, whose very conspicuous abilities are so well known and admired in the sock, by every frequenter of the theatre. The public I believe, need not be told that this veteran's
outlet

outset on the stage, was at first as an harlequin; he being articed to the late Mr. Rich, the celebrated harlequin, and manager of Covent-garden theatre; after being instructed in all the requisites of pantomime, he acquired so extensive a knowledge of the sock, that at the expiration of his term, he was engaged by his pantomical master, as a comedian, at a very considerable salary; and soon after acquired a first-rate reputation in his cast of parts. Few are the walks of comedy Mr. *Woodward* has not attempted, and not any wherein he has not met with great and merited applause. His figure is genteel, his voice smart, agreeable, and pliant; and both seem to point out the politer cast; yet is somewhat odd, that this actor never pleases his audience more, than when he is necessitated, from his characters, to distort that genteel figure into the aukward deportment of a country looby; or to swell his voice out of its natural tone, into the hectoring accents of a bully, or a blusterer; and he never receives the first blow from any
of

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 43

of the drama on the stage with him, but he generally returns it with double the force of his antagonist. As a comedian, I look upon Mr *Woodward* to be unequalled by any in his cast of parts; such Bobadil, Marplot, Younger, Wou'd-be, Petrutio, Apprentice, Fine Gentleman in Lethe, &c. &c. Besides he has supplied the stage with several well wrote prologues, pantomimes, &c.

Woodward for farce, and pantomime renown'd,
With wreaths of praise by ev'ry hand is
crown'd.

Mr. SHUTER.

The son of drollery and low humour, owes almost every thing to nature; education or art claim very little share in his success; this is by some objected to, as a deficiency in his profession, yet it has been so far useful to Mr. *Shuter*, that it has left him his natural parts free, and uncorrupted by imitation; and renders him an original actor. He possesses

44 OBSERVATIONS ON THE

esses in an eminent degree, a deal of humour, though he is apt to screw the features of his face into deformity, but never laughs at his own jest, he has strong features, and is exceeding happy in a peculiar turn of face, which marks the respective characters he performs with great propriety and natural humour. But he is always more comical *Ned Shuter*, than any thing else.

Shuter sweet laughter's child, what humour's
thine,

From thee impetuous flows each comic line,

Mr. D Y E R.

Mr. DYER was a useful and pleasing comedian, a good Modely, in the Custom of the Manor; a Clodio; or a Tom, in the Conscious Lovers; a man, amiable in his character, just in his principles, and of no inconsiderable share of merit in his profession; such were the outlines of Mr *Dyer*, till unfortunately
for

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for the lovers of the theatre, and his friends in general, he paid the last debt of nature we all owe, a few nights after performing Jeremy, in Mr. Congreve's celebrated comedy of Love for Love, for his own benefit.

Dyer, I weep for thy departed shade,
For wept each Muse, when thy last debt was
paid.

¶ I should have omitted Mr Dyer, and Mr Love formerly of Drury-lane theatre, in my account; but my motive is to acquaint the reader of all the principal performers, deceased or living, during the time I at first proposed.

M. LEWIS.

This gentleman made his first appearance at Covent-garden theatre, last winter, in the part of Belcour, in the West Indian; in which he met with great applause. He has since appeared in Sir George Airy, in
the

the Busy Body; Valentine, in Love for Love; and several other characters both in tragedy and comedy; in the former, he has performed Posthumus, in Cymbeline; the Prince of Wales, in the first part of Henry the fourth, &c. but I cannot admire him in the buskin, his figure though exceeding genteel and well made, wants consequence, and his voice is inharmonious and defective. Mr *Lewis* possesses great fire and spirit, but he is apt to carry them too far; and more especially in his comic characters, which renders his performance almost unintelligible; but I should not condemn young merit, as the greatest actors, ancient and modern, have been obliged to time and attention, for the cultivation of their talents; therefore, I think there is no doubt, but Mr. *Lewis* in the course of time may become a very considerable performer.

Lewis the space between a laugh and cry,
Look in your mirror, and for once descry;
Then shall I give you all your merit's praise,
Perhaps you'll shine, in future, better lays.

Mr.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 47

Mr. BENSLEY.

Though as an actor, I must confess Mr. *Bensley* adds very little to this science; yet from the cast of parts he is in possession of, and the salary he is in receipt with, somewhat entitles him to a place among the principal performers. Though to enter critically upon this gentleman, he has neither face, voice, manner, or scarce any theatrical requisite; his person to be looked at, is tolerable; but as soon as set in motion, it becomes contemptible; or, at least, as much intolerable; there however is one principal requisite in this actor's favour, which deserves notice; that is, his being generally more correct in his parts than the rest of his professors, together with a willingness to please, as he appears to study his parts with unremitted diligence and care; which, from a pretty good education, and his

his knowledge of the dramatic authors, carries him through his cast of characters with a tolerable good grace. I cannot quit this gentleman, without doing him the justice to say, that human nature never produced a more amiable character in private life.

Bensley's no actor, match him if ye can.

Ye greatest actors, he's a worthy man.

Mr. MATTOCKS.

As an actor, Mr. *Mattocks* has very little title to public favour; as a singer, he claims very respectful notice; his voice is clear, soft, melodious, and expressive; his person is tall, and well made; yet he wants the manly grace and vigour his sex demands; and animation to inspirit the several characters he performs, that his performance in the sock is rather flat and insipid; as a vocal performer, I look upon Mr. *Mattocks* to be the best on either theatre in point of voice,
and

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and did he possess more compass, he probably might be the best on any stage.

To charm us, Mattocks borrows from the
spheres,

His mien how sweet, his voice delights our
ears.

Mr. C L A R K E.

Mr. CLARKE is a judicious and exceeding useful actor, where he is confined to his own natural walk, which is the rough, honest parts of tragedy, such as Henry the Eighth, Sciolto in the Fair Penitent, Clytus in Alexander the Great, or Kent in King Lear, &c. There is a manliness in his person, with a found and just tone of voice which renders him in this walk second to none on either of the stages.

Does Clarke rough honesty in play present?

No, Clarke is really in his heart a Kent.

D

Mr.

Mr. Q U I C K.

Though I may be called to an account for introducing this promising Actor among the capital performers, yet his merit in several parts of low comedy, justly entitle him to a place here. There is a variety in his performance, with a peculiar turn of wit in his manner, though a little bordering on grimace, as he is too apt, like a fore-mentioned performer, to screw the muscles of his face up into many very ridiculous forms, which appears to be by way of imitating the former ; however, Mr. Quick has lately given sufficient proofs of his growing merit, particularly in Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer*, in which character I think he will bear a scrutiny from the nicest critic or connoisseur.

Laugh'd into wit, grimace from Quick shall rise,
And quickly please our ears, our hearts and eyes.

Mrs.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 51

Mrs. B A R R Y.

This Lady's established reputation with the town, is too well known to require any further praise or censure, (than what has been already said in my account of Mr. Yates) her unequalled abilities being so universally known and admired by every lover of the theatre.—Her majestic deportment, elevated speech, expressive manner, and alacrity, all pronounce her to be the most accomplished actress on the English, perhaps on the European stage, therefore I shall be brief, and conclude this Lady with the following lines:

O! Barry, when my muse but thinks on thee,
She thinks of merit, grace, and tragedy.

Mrs. H A R T L E Y.

This Lady made her first appearance on the stage in one of the county towns of

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England, but in what character, or where for a certainty, I will not presume to say; however, be this as it will, it is now two seasons since she first appeared at Covent-Garden theatre, in the character of Jane Shore, in which she was received with respectable marks of applause by a very brilliant audience.—This Lady is an exceeding good figure; in her person she is tall and elegant, her face is likewise remarkably handsome, and her whole deportment genteel and easy; in short, she is the finest figure on the London stage: therefore it is not to be wondered, a lady endued with such requisites for this profession should gain great applause, had she absolutely little or no merit. But this is not Mrs. Hartley's case, her excellent performance of the above, and many other parts she has since appeared in, has fully convinced us to the contrary. Her performance of Elfrida, Stairia, and Rosamond in Mr. Hull's new play of King Henry the Second, I believe has given the public incontestable proofs of her
rising

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rising genius. The only fault I can discover in this Lady, is, her voice is somewhat harsh, and she is sometimes apt to wind it beyond the bounds of harmony: did Mrs. *Hartley* take a little more pains in modulating her accents, it would add greatly to her praise. But, as the poet remarks,

“ If to her share some female errors fall,

“ Look in her face, and you’ll forgive them

“ all.”

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

This useful and pleasing actress is a child of the stage, her father and mother being both of that profession at the time of her birth; her first outset was in the singing parts, with no inconsiderable share of applause: but it was not singing alone constructed this Lady’s abilities, it was her desirous and successful attempts in the lively, spirited parts of comedy, in which she suc-

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ceeded.

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ceeded to her wishes, and now stands foremost among the favourite daughters of Thalia: she has since appeared in tragedy with all the success the diminutive size of her figure will permit; and indeed she is above mediocrity in any part she has performed in the latter. This actress likewise possesses in all her various characters, a prodigious fund of sensibility, and is mostly perfect in the true sense and spirit of her author; that take all in all, a pleasing person, an agreeable voice, and a good share of judgment, renders her one of the most useful performers belonging to Covent-Garden theatre.

Thalia and Melpomene combin'd,
To shew in Mattocks all their force refin'd,

MISS MACKLIN.

MISS MACKLIN, like the above Lady, is a child of the stage; her father is the fore-mentioned excluded, and celebrated comedian,

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 55

median, Mr. Charles Macklin.—This Lady like Mrs. *Mattocks* came out in the singing characters, in which her elegant figure, and profound taste in music gained her considerable applause. From this, like the afore-said Lady, she stepped forth into the walks of comedy and tragedy, where she has shone for several years past with the public's unlimited approbation; but her talents are mostly inclined to the former, as she seldom appears in the latter, her parts being but few, and are generally confined to the tender cast; though did she appear oftener in tragedy, it probably might be more entertaining to the public, (and I don't see why she should not) as it would be the means of credibly restoring many parts that are now lost to Covent-Garden stage.

Euterpe's darling child in Macklin see,
And call her child of sweetest melody.

Mrs. B U L K L E Y.

This Lady's first outset in life was as a dancer at Covent-Garden, a science Mrs. *Bulkley* is most passionately fond of, and which I am given to understand she pursued more for pleasure than advantage to herself; however, dancing, like singing to Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Macklin, was discovered to be not her only merit, in consequence of which, (through the ardent persuasions of some friends) she condescended to try what she could do in the sock and buskin, in which she has undoubtedly answered the expectation of those who solicited her to pursue this undertaking; but I think the sock seems to sit much easier on this Lady than the buskin; * there is an agreeableness

* The reader is to observe, that those terms Sock and Buskin, (so often made use of in this work) denote Comedy and Tragedy, as Sock for Comedy, and Buskin for Tragedy; theatrical phrases.

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in her address that appears to be best adapted to comedy, though I have seen her with deserved success in several parts of tragedy; yet here I think she sometimes wants expression, and variation in her features and voice. However, we may rate Mrs. Bulkley from the delicacy of her person, and her judgment, a very agreeable, useful, and judicious Actress.

Terpsechore to Bulkley gave the part,
By graceful motion, to attract the heart.

Mrs. GREEN.

This Actress, (like Miss Pope of Drury-Lane theatre), may in some measure be deemed as a copy of Mrs. Clive; but of the two, the last mentioned lady gains the preference in this point; there is a greater variety in Miss Pope than in Mrs. Green; or, in the theatrical term of expressing it, more of the *vis-comica*, which so much abounded

ed.

ed in their great predecessor. Mrs. *Green's* chief abilities lie in Chamber-maids, where her humour and prodigious flow of spirits are best suited. It is observed by a celebrated critic, that it is a sort of misfortune for this Actress, that we have not yet adopted in England the French custom of making important characters of Chamber-maids, she being possessed of all those requisites necessary to excell in that province, where her great humour, smart repartee, lively voice, and agreeable pertness, would be most fortunately placed. She is somewhat too affected in her manner, though it would be essentially meritable in the above; but in her present cast of characters I think it rather a defect; nevertheless, we must set down Mrs. *Green* a very considerable and valuable Actress in her walk.

Gay comedy to *Green* descends in smiles,
And wins applause thro' all her little wiles.

Miss

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 59

Miss MILLER.

Miss MILLER without doubt has merit in many parts of tragedy, such as Roxana, Alicia, Juliet, Cordelia, &c. and in comedy she is useful in the few parts she performs; but she appears so seldom in the sock, that it is almost needless for me to mention this. The faults of this Lady generally lie in a want of expression, and in her voice which is not exactly tunable, and wants compass; and could she break herself of that stiffness in her gait, it would add no small share towards her preferment; though this defect may be over-looked in her performance of the haughty Roxana, and Alicia, yet let me tell Miss Miller, it does her great prejudice in personating the tender parts of tragedy which she is in possession of, such as Juliet, Cordelia, &c. by reason it prevents her from giving that soft and

60 OBSERVATIONS ON THE
and tender expression which is so much required in those parts: but,

Who can the sweetly plaintive Miller hear,
And not emit the sympathetic tear.

* * Miss Miller at present is disengaged from
* Covent-Garden, occasioned by the late alteration at that theatre.

Miss B A R S A N T I.

This lady made her first appearance at Covent-Garden theatre, in a new interlude wrote for that purpose by the late acting manager.—Miss *Barsanti* is a promising young Actress; since her commencement she has appeared in several parts of polite comedy with universal applause, particularly, in *Estefania*, in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*; Mrs. Oakley, in the *Jealous Wife*; Charlotte Rusport, in the *West Indian*, &c. She is a smart, handsome figure, and not much unlike in stature, the favourite Mrs. Abington;

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS. 61

Abington; and I hear she has fixed upon this lady as a model; if so, I don't know a better to copy, only I would have her take care, that this lady's mode of dressing her characters does not lead her into errors, as what would be allowable in Mrs. Abington from her exterior manner in conducting herself, might be prejudicial to Miss *Barfanti*; however, on the whole, I would have this young lady beware of imitation, as it sometimes proves many a promising young actor's, or actress's ruin, by making their performance contemptible and ridiculous; though,

In Miss *Barfanti*, each improving grace
Glews rip'ning from her bosom to her face.

MISS CATELY.

As an actress, this lady has little pretension to be spoke of; as a singer, she is at present the sweetest warbler on the English stage.

stage. Her voice is strong, clear, harmonious, and expressive; notwithstanding these musical requisites, through a careless, inexcusable negligence, she sings with great impropriety, that often renders her vocal performance disgusting; I mention this, as it is in her power (would she take a little more pains) to remedy it. She likewise throws into her parts many indecent, and vulgar attitudes, which is still worse than the former, for as the poet observes,

“Immodest deeds admit of no defence,

“For want of decency is want of sense.”

In the part of Juno, in the *Burletta* of the *Golden Pippin*, Miss *Catley* is exceeding low and immodest; but why need I mention all this of a lady, whose private character is too much connected with such behaviour; and I am almost led to imagine, the author of the *Pippin* has drawn his character of Juno from nature, there being such a resemblance between the part, and the perform

er's

THE CONCLUSION. 63

er's private and public conduct, that I scarce think but it was so. But not to tire the reader's patience with too long a preamble on a subject of this kind, so many anecdotes, &c. having been published concerning this lady, it will be useless, besides unbecoming, to dwell here upon Miss Catley's private character, as such I shall conclude this celebrated lady; and refer such of my curious readers, as chuse to trace the various incidents of her past life) to her memoirs, where they will find them more extensively authenticated, and justly adhered to.

The sportive loves without the least disguise,
Appear unsham'd in Catley's wanton eyes.

The CONCLUSION.

Having given an account of all the principal actors and actresses, that have appeared on the stage for upwards of two years back, I shall now favour the reader with some remarks on the inferior performers,
such

such as are not destitute of merit, although cannot be deemed as capitals; the first of those gentry stands Mr. Lee Lewes, this person is a thriving and pleasing comedian; there is a smartness in his manner that must one time render him considerable. The next are Mr. J. Aickin and Mr Wroughton, two respectable performers where nothing great is wanting; the first much superior to the latter in critical estimation, being a just and decent performer; the other is too much guilty of mouthing, as Shakespeare terms it, and is not totally engaging in his manner, and wants expression, &c. Mr. Dunstall is a good low comedian, but like the preceding gentleman, too much of a mouther: notwithstanding, his Hodge, and Sir Jealous Traffick, are inimitable, such characters being happily suited to his manner. Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Packer are useful men, the first considerably the best in tragedy, and pretty equal in comedy, though both bordering on the palm of insipidity.— Mr. Hull is a gentleman who understands his

THE CONCLUSION. 65

his author, and the drama, exceeding well, is very capable of supporting paternal characters, but for want of powers in other views, he is no ways important as an actor, though a very chaste and respectable dramatic writer. Mr Clinch and Mr Diamond, these two gentlemen started the same season at Drury-lane theatre, (*i. e.*) in October 1772, the one in Alexander the Great, the other in Romeo; Mr. Clinch has since proved to be a Clinch, for he clinches so vociferously, that if he is not less violent, he will inevitably tear himself, and his parts to rags; therefore I would advise him not to be so lavish with his superfluous fire and action, as by observing this observation, he would bustle through his cast of characters with much more decency and applause than he usually does. Mr Diamond displayed on his first appearance, very conspicuous merit in some scenes of Romeo; in others, he was totally insufficient, in judgment, voice, and expression, particularly in the frantic scenes; but on the whole, he supported
that

66 THE CONCLUSION.

that character (considering his age, which was then but nineteen,) with tolerable ease and propriety : Mr. Diamond has left Drury-lane, but in what quarter of the globe he is at present, I will not presume to say. Mr Lacy ; this gentleman made his appearance last winter in Alexander, but not meeting (in his attempt) with so much public indulgence as was literally expected, he has, I believe, cordially relinquished all thoughts of any future trial on the stage. Mr. Melmoth ; this ingenious person came out last benefit time, in the part of Cyrus, which character he went through with candid applause ; he has since played Hamlet, and is far from being contemptible in it, having a very good knowledge of his author, and a just conception of the part, and with a little cultivation of his talents, he may be enabled to make no inconsiderable stand as a tragedian. Mess. Bannister, Reinhold, and Du-Bellamy ; nothing of speakers, but well esteemed singers ; the
two

THE CONCLUSION. 67

two first have excellent base voices, the last an inimitable counter, though greatly injured by a defective ear to music. There are many more I could thrust into my account, such as Mr. Waldron, Mr. Young, Mr. Booth, Mr. Brereton, &c. &c. but are not worthy our attention; as such I shall proceed to the ladies in this circle of action; among which stands foremost, Mrs. Pitt; this is a truly great actress in her walk, which is in the parts of superannuated old maids, without her equal on the stage. The next stands Mrs. Lessingham and Mrs. Melmoth, the former is very agreeable in some parts of comedy, but wretchedly horrible in tragedy; being destitute of voice, manner, expression, and in short, almost every requisite; the latter has not yet attempted comedy, but has continued (since her first appearance in Calista, in the Fair Penitent) to be very respectable in several parts of tragedy, and seems to be a promising lady. Mrs. Greville and Miss Jarratt; two very pretty women, and thriving actresses;

resses; Mrs. Greyille has very pleasing comic abilities, as witness her Irish widow, and many other characters of that cast; and were she to attempt tragedy, I am apt to think she would be equally applauded, having seen her in the country in several capital parts with great success, particularly Monimia in the Orphan, Juliet, Imogen, &c. &c. Miss Jarratt is so very agreeable in all she undertakes, and gives such repeated proofs of her growing merit, that it is needless for me to say more on the subject, than by adding, that she is a pretty, decent, and promising actress. The following ladies are, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Wrighten, Miss Brown, and Miss Wylde, which are all useful, pleasing, and judicious performers in their respective characters. After saying thus much, I shall conclude.—

Th' affects and defects of each actor I've stated,
And not one have I under, or over-rated,
Ye critics deny, if you can, what's related.

STRICT-



STRICTURES

On the much admired

TRAGEDY of the ORPHAN.

In a LETTER to a Young LADY.

Dear Miss,

ITAKE this opportunity to fulfil your request, as it is unbounded happiness to me at all times to devote myself to your service, but I am excessive bad at compliments, I therefore shall leave these to novelists, &c. and proceed to the subject of the play; which is a very affecting circumstance. The story on which this tragedy is founded, is that of Iphigenia, which is wrought up with such masterly elocution by Mr. Otway the author, that those auditors who are not excited at the representation

STRICTURES ON THE

tion of this play, must be void of common feeling; and more especially when a Barry appears in Castalio, or a Mrs. Barry in Monimia, or the excellent performance of a Garrick in Chamont, which I remember to have seen; and when thus supported by three such inimitable ornaments, together with the enraptured stile of the author, who then I say, but the dullest, unfeeling auditor, but what must be excited at such an exhibition; for who can behold the distressful situations of Castalio, and the injured Monimia, without sharing in their affliction.— The first scene in this play that should raise our passions, is in the second act, where Monimia upbraids Castalio for his leaving her alone to the intreaties of his brother Polidore; which he, like an equivocating friend, does, in order to calm his brother's rage; seeing the ardour of his passion for her, and not willing to offend him, imagining at the same time, all Polidore's solicitations to Monimia would be in vain, being sensible Monimia's affections were entirely to himself,

self. Therefore what auditor would not be affected at Castalio's griefs, when the object of his heart upbraids him, and vows never to listen to him more. What distress the poor crying Castalio appears to be in, when he speaks the following sentence to her.

- " Who can hear this, and bear an equal mind,
 " Since you will drive me from you, I must go ;
 " But Oh ! Monimia, when thou hast banished me,
 " No creeping slave, though tractable and dull
 " As artful woman, for her end would chuse,
 " Shall ever dote as I have done, for Oh !
 " No tongue my pleasure nor my pains, can tell,
 " 'Tis Heav'n to have thee, and without thee Hell."

Then after he has spoken the foregoing sentence, when his beloved Monimia is so charmed with the music of his tongue, that she forgives and pities him. Then what extatic joy flows immediate within him ; with what rapture does the following speech come from his mouth. But never
 more

more so, than when it is delivered by the sweet, melodious, and expressive voice, and manner of a Barry.

- “ Where am I, surely paradise is round me,
 “ Sweets planted by the hand of Heav’n grow here,
 “ And ev’ry sense is full of thy perfection ;
 “ To hear thee speak, might calm a madman’s
 “ frenzy,
 “ Till by attention he forgot his sorrows.
 “ But to behold thy eyes, the amazing beauties,
 “ Might make him rage again with love, as I do.
 “ To touch thee’s Heaven, but to enjoy thee, Oh !
 “ Thou nature’s whole perfection in one piece ;
 “ Sure framing thee, Heav’n took unusual care,
 “ As it’s own beauty, it design’d thee fair,
 “ And form’d thee by the best lov’d Angel there.”

The next and most affecting circumstance in this play is in the third act, after Castalio’s marriage with Monimia, when they confer together concerning enjoying at night their nuptial happiness; which, after some intreaty, Monimia condescends, when
 all

all the family are at rest, to let him into her chamber, when he, Castalio, by order of Monimia is to make a certain signal, ("which is three soft taps at the chamber-door") at which he is to gain admittance: but, alas! unhappily his brother Polidore listens, and over-hears the whole tenor of their appointment; therefore, not knowing of their marriage, Polidore is much chagrined at the thoughts of Castalio's happiness, he was going to reap with the fair Monimia. In consequence, he contrives a plot to enjoy her if possible himself: accordingly he gets his little page Cordelia to go and trifle with Castalio in order to delay the time; in the mean while, he counterfeits his brother, and with the aforesaid signal gains entrance, and enjoys Monimia; she at the same time mistaking him for her lord Castalio.—Unfortunately, the poor fond adorer comes, according to his appointment made, glowing with rapture at the thoughts of his blissful night to come with his dear Monimia; but unhap-

E

pily

pily he is refused admittance by the maid servant, being conscious (as she thought) she let Castalio in before, and imagining the real husband to be the counterfeit Polidore. Who can behold such a scene as this, without sharing in the distresses of Castalio? and more especially, when he lay down at the door almost distracted, thinking it is Monimia's cruelty that has used him thus.

In the fourth act, we see Castalio upbraid Monimia in the most fervent manner possible, for her severe treatment, as he supposed, which she is greatly surprised at, and well she may be, when at the sight of him she flies with energy to his arms, imagining how happy she was in his embraces the preceding night; at the same time, as I have observed, it was the profligate Polidore. What should most excite our feeling in this act, is to see the injured Monimia dragged like a dog by her beloved Castalio to the door, when he cruelly breaks from
her

her with all the fierceness of a fiend; and afterwards when she acquaints her brother Chamont, of the severe and unexpected treatment which she has received from her lord; at which, how chagrined and exasperated is Chamont for the injury done to his sister, and vows vengeance on Castalio: with what exclamation he speaks the following lines to old Acasto Castalio's father.

"—— I say my sister's wrong'd,

" Monimia my sister, born as high,

" And noble as Castalio,—do her justice,

" Or, by the Gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,

" Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature;

" I'll do't—hark you, my lord, your son

" Castalio,

" Take him to your closet, and there teach

" him manners."

With what unbounded excellence Mr. Garrick speaks the above sentence; what contempt he shews when he utters the last two lines, that so elegantly discovers how much he is displeased at the cruel usage done

to Monimia; that in short, this last scene is exceeding natural and affecting. — The last act, at the rising of the curtain, discovers the unhappy Castalio lying on the ground in a state of lunacy, cursing Monimia, and all the inconstant sex of women, till a servant enters, and acquaints him, how wild and intemperate Monimia is for to behold her lord; at which he relinquishes all of a sudden into love and tenderness for her. Soon after, Monimia enters, and after some conference together, she tells him, “She is resolved from that day never more to see his face again”: in what distressful accents he immediately after speaks this sentence:

“Where am I! sure I wander ’midst enchant-
ment,

“And never more shall find the way to rest;

“But, Oh! Monimia, art thou indeed resolv’d

“To punish me with everlasting absence;

“Why turn’st thou from me, I am alone al-
ready;

“Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,

“Sigh-

"Sighing to winds, and to the seas complain-

"ing,

"Whilst afar off, the vessel sails away,

"Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd;

"Wilt thou not turn—Oh! could those eyes

"but speak,

"I should know all, for love is pregnant in

"'em;

"They swell, they press their beams upon me

"Still;

"Wilt thou not speak, if we must part for

"ever,

"Give me but one kind word to think upon,

"And please myself withal, whilst my heart's

"breaking."

Mrs. Barry, the original Monimia, I am told, always shed tears at this beautiful, or rather bewitching passage, as it may properly be so called; and afterwards when she replied and exits, "Ah! poor Castalio," I have heard, in speaking these three words she has been so much affected, seeing at that instant the distressed situation Castalio appeared to be in, that it was always some

time before she rightly could recover herself; and dull must be the apprehension of the auditor that is not affected with such a scene: notwithstanding what we see is only feigned to us; yet, in all probability, the story from whence the origin of this tragedy was founded was true, wherefore, such an instance represented should most certainly excite our feelings. But, to proceed, the catastrophe of this play is very judiciously wound up by the author, and abounds with a variety of incidents; for here we see the fall of Monimia, Castalio, and Polidore, and Chamont vowing destruction on Acasto and all his house, for the injury done his sister. The conclusion is prodigiously affecting, though our pity should only be reserved for the good old father Acasto, the injured Monimia, and the poor unfortunate son Castalio; as the fall of Polidore should not in the least affect us, he being nothing more than a mere profelyte of vice.—The author of this play (I believe it will be generally allowed by all

im-

impartial judges) wrote more immediately to the heart in painting the tender passions than any of his predecessors; or, in short, any of his contemporaries, excepting Rowe who in his productions comes the nearest to Otway of any other dramatic author, either ancient or modern, particularly in his favourite tragedy of the Fair Penitent; where all the characters in this play are supported with so much judgment, and the language so extremely elegant, as is the Orphan, that by the great resemblance there is in the style of these two plays, we might almost imagine them to be the production of one man: though it must be confessed, Rowe in his dialogues is more chaste and praise-worthy than Otway; for the latter is in many instances indecent, and deficient of moral tendency, which the former strictly confined himself to; - for example, in the Orphan, Polidore's allusion of the bull is contemptible and absurd in the highest degree; and in the little page's character there are many indecencies, especially

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for a child to speak, (it being mostly performed by one) but we must impute them to the licentiousness of the age he wrote in. But I may as well drop the curtain, as Cibber says, at the same time, hoping to have your opinion as soon as convenient, on the little matter I have here sent you, and with humble submission,

I remain, Dear Miss,

Your ever devoted,

and respectful Servant,

H.

STRICT-



STRICTURES

On the favourite

TRAGEDY of the FAIR PENITENT,

In a LETTER to the same.

LETTER THE SECOND.

Dear Miss,

BEING ever (as I told you in my last) devoted to your service; I therefore, in compliance with your request, a second time, and in order to fulfil my promise, have sent you a few thoughts on the *Fair Penitent* accordingly.—The subject of this play is an excellent moral; it shews in an eminent degree, the dangerous consequence of parents forcing their children into marriage against their own inclinations; and

paints nature in a very conspicuous manner. Mr. Wilkes in his general review of the stage, remarks on this tragedy, that there is not one character in the whole play deserves compassion; yet, I must confess, I am of a different opinion: and he further observes, the heroine of this play has no manner of right to the above title; that gentleman says, "her grief does not spring from compunction, but from a variety of passions which she is prevented from gratifying:" probably he would have the play termed "The Penitent Prostitute," which I think is far too gross a title, notwithstanding she yields to Lothario before her marriage with Altamont. In my poor opinion, I think her rather to be pitied, as many of her sex, that would be strictly virtuous, are liable to the same failing in the heat of blood, (as I please thus vulgarly to term it) and especially with a man she sincerely loved. Is not Sciotto her father in the wrong, when he knows she loves Lothario, to force her into marriage with another
man

man whom she has not the least veneration for: though her husband is passionately doating of her, what is this to the purpose, when it is quite the reverse with Calista; for if both hearts do not mutually agree in the conjugal state, how is it possible the parties can be happy? How many, like Calista, have been deluded by the soothing tales of the male sex, and by their proffering marriage, as Lothario did to Calista, and afterwards deceived them. To be sure, Lothario is a rakish young gentleman, and like many more of the present age, when he has gained his ends, in enjoying the fair flame, he afterwards has no further regard; as Foote says, "When they are gratified, then they are satisfied."

Therefore, dear Miss, (though my own sex) be cautious how you listen to their alluring enticements, for it is exceeding precarious trusting men, there being so many seducers, that your sex cannot have too great a guard over themselves; and they have

84 STRICTURES ON THE

have so many wheedling and trepanning ways to decoy poor harmless and unthinking maids, by telling them (as Mackheath says) a hundred things which they never mean to perform, things that your sex are apt to put too much confidence in; through which means, they sometimes render themselves a common prey to their lewd and abandoned desires, and then inevitable ruin consequently ensues: and at the same time, they not only reflect dishonour upon themselves, but likewise bring much trouble and affliction on their aged parents, that have taken great care and diligence in bringing them up to an age of discretion, and in hopes of seeing them tread in the paths of virtue; instead of that, they too, too often fall a sacrifice to their spotless virginity, (like the heroine of the foregoing play) by building their hopes on such a sandy foundation as perfidious men; as such they become the scoff and ridicule of all their former acquaintance, and are despised by those who before were their most ardent friends. I
could

FAIR PENITENT 85

could dwell with energy much longer on this subject, but being rather obliged to proceed with the few remarks I have to make on the play, it will be inconsistent and intruding on your patience; but before I proceed, I must beg to be excused for the little I have said on the above topic, as my motive for interspersing this matter, is entirely for the love of your future welfare; as such, and for no other reason, was it wrote. But to the play. Though, does not Calista after her marriage with Altamont reject all Lothario's offers with the utmost contempt, when he wants to enjoy her a second time, with those words:

"How didst thou dare to think that I would;

"live,

"A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures;

"To be a wretched wanton for thy leasures,

"To toy, and waste an hour of idle time with,

"My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought."

In short, I think her all through the play, an object fully deserving pity. As for the poor fond and gentle Altamont, I likewise pity his case much, although the ill usage he treats his friend Horatio with; for it is naturally to be supposed, he would put more confidence in the story the object of his heart related, than that which his friend told him, and especially at a time he believes her spotless. How often do we see a circumstance of this kind among the lower class of people, a man and his wife shall quarrel, or what not, a friend comes and interferes in behalf of the parties: then afterwards gets most infamously abused for his civility. As for Sciolto the father, claims scarce any compassion; as he may partly thank himself for all the sorrow and shame he has brought on his old age; and I sincerely wish that every parent whom providence has endued with a family of children, would take warning by Sciolto's mis-

FAIR PENITENT. 87

conduct, and not force them into marriage
against their own consent; but as Sir Jeal-
ous Traffic, in the Busy Body says,

" By my example let all parents move,
" And never strive to cross their children's love;
" They should submit that care to providence
" above."

PASTORAL

P A S T O R A L S O N G S,
E P I T A P H S, &c.

The F O R S A K E N M A I D,
A C A N T A T A; *written at thirteen Years old.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

A H! whither shall I fly to find relief,
Is there no cure for wretchedness and
grief,

My dearest Thomas, he has prov'd untrue,
And what alas! must hapless Sally do.

Fool that I was to trust perfidious man,
Whose false dissembling love our hearts
trapan.

Ah! then they leave us in a wretched state,
Ye nymphs take warning e'er it be too late.

A I R.

PASTORAL SONGS. 84

A I R.

How severe is my affliction,
Thus to wander in despair;
Gods! give ear to my direction,
Cease! Ah cease a maiden's care.
Did the youth know how I languish,
He would sure give me relief;
Turn again and ease my anguish,
Succour my distress and grief.

*** The above little piece had the honor of
being presented to the late Earl of Chesterfield,
who admired it for its author's early genius and
simplicity, as he was pleased to say.



The LINNET.

Written at the same Age as the above.

As passing by a wood and grove,
I heard a linnet sing;
Its sweetly plaintive voice of love,
Proclaim'd the vernal spring.

90 E P I T A P H S. &c.

His pretty accents seem'd to flow,
As if he knew no pain;
His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,
I echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah! happy warbler I replied,
Contented thus to be,
'Tis only harmony and love
Can be compared to thee,

Thus perched upon the yew, ye stand,
The monarch of the shade,
And ever sip ambrosial sweets,
That grows from ev'ry glade.

Did man possess but half thy bliss,
How joyful might he be;
But man was never form'd for this,
'Tis only joys for thee.

Then farewell pretty bird I said,
Pursue thy plaintive tale;
And let thy tuneful accents spread,
All o'er the fragrant vale.

A

PASTORAL SONGS, 91
On SPRING and SHEPHERDS.

*First written at fifteen Years old, and since re-
vived with some additional Alterations.*

HOW sweet the freshing gales of Spring;
Each blushing morn how gay;
The tuneful lark begins to sing
As soon as dawn of day.

Then next Aurora's golden rays
Comes glancing o'er the plains,
To hail the warblers' plaintive lays,
And rouse the sturdy swains;

Who from their cots to toil repair,
Regardless of all strife;
Unknowing and unknown to care,
Is sure the shepherd's life.

He toils, he carols, all the day,
At eve then home he bends;
Charmed with birds on every spray,
As to his cottage tends.

His

92 E P I T A P H S, &c.

His cot it teems with infants dear,
That's wholesome, clean, and neat ;
His wife, his bed, his all is there,
To make his joys compleat.

With these he fits a welcome guest,
So happy and so gay,
'Till twilight points the hour of rest,
Then they its call obey.

* * The reader is desired to observe, that in the alteration of the above some hints have been taken from Mr. Melmoth's "Deserted Town," a little poem published some time since in the monthly magazines.



On BIRLING-HILL in KENT.

To FLAVIA. *Written at fourteen Years old.*

L Ovely Flavia, list I pray,
To yon warbler on the spray.
Hear, my fair, his matin tale,
Charming as the vernal gale.

View

PASTORAL SONGS, 93

View the fields all smiling round,
See the flow'rets deck the ground;
And the pretty lambkins play,
While the ewes are gone astray.

See the shepherd pensive sit,
Making of a home-spun net,
With his bottle by his side,
And his little dog, called Tide.

How contented is his state,
He envy's not the rich and great;
Free from sorrow, free from pain,
Is the shepherd on the plain.

Except his Daphne proves unkind,
Then discontented is his mind,
'Till she resolves to prove more true,
Then all his cares she does subdue.

The

The S A N D M A N;*A CANTATA : Written at fourteen years old.*

RECITATIVE.

I Am a poor lad, and mean is my calling,
 From morn till night I am a bawling,
 Thro' streets, thro' lanes, and squares I pass,
 My treasure all on one poor ass ;
 My constant theme where e'er I go,
 Is maids do you want sand ? Sand, ho !

A I R.

I am a poor sandman, I care not a jot
 For all the fine folks in the nation,
 While I can get money to buy a full pot,
 I'm the happiest man in my station.

What's riches and treasure,
 Or all the gay pleasure,
 When happiness does not unite ;
 'Tis nought but a juggle,
 A mere hubble bubble
 Of pain and perplexity quite.

R E.

PASTORAL SONGS, 95

RECITATIVE.

Now my song's done, a tale I'll tell,
Which sure will please you all full well :
One day as passing thro' the street,
I, Bess the bunter chanced to meet ;
Ah ! dearest Sam ! to me she cry'd,
When shall I be thy own true bride ?
Faith Bess, quoth I, I rather tarry,
- For hang me, if I think to marry.
She call'd me then ungrateful wretch,
And swore the devil would me fetch.]
But for all this I did not care,
I drove away and left her there.

A I R,

For who in their wits, would be plagu'd with
a wife !
To be teaz'd and tormented for ever ;
They'll rid you as fast as they can of your
life,
And are not contented, ---no, never.
They're

96 E P I T A P H S, &c.

They're such a disafter,
They stick like a plaister,
That's fasten'd upon a man's back;
And what is still worse,
Ah! that is the curse,
They've such a confounded clack,
Oh lack!
They've such a confounded clack.
Then since this is the case of having a wife,
Let me ever ye gods! live a single life.



For the Theatrical Observations.

To PHILLIS.

Written at fifteen Years old.

COME haste thee my Phillis, I pray,
And let us repair to the grove;
Where nightingales chearful and gay,
Attune their sweet accents of love;
So soft is the sound of their song,
'Twill surely delight you my fair,
Then haste thee dear charmer along,
And strait to the grove let's repair.

For

PASTORAL SONGS, 97

For something I have to impart,
 That labours quite hard in my breast;
 So ardent and firm is the smart,
 It robs me of peace and of rest.
 'Tis love that dear passion I swear,
 By all that is honest and true;
 And thou art the source of my care,
 I sigh and I languish for you.

Then come dearest Phillis I pray,
 And cease all your Doriland's pain,
 Ah! let him be joyful and gay,
 Nor longer deplore you in vain;
 But let honest freedom invite,
 For virtue's the path I pursue;
 And may happiness ev'r unite
 With those that are constant and true.



A SONNET. *By a Friend.*

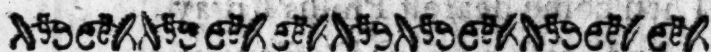
CUPID! god of soft desire,
 Aim at Stella's breast a dart,
 Kindle there thy am'rous fire,
 Such as glows round Strephon's heart.

F

When

When I sigh, Oh! make her languish,
 When my bosom's calm'd with peace;
 Far be from her ev'ry anguish,
 Joy sit smiling on her face!

Thus each bliss and care dividing,
 Blest and happy with our lot;
 Nought of pomp or state residing
 In our peaceful, humble cot.



S A W N E Y; A Scotch A I R.

Written at fifteen Years old.

SURE Sawney is the blithest fwain,
 Of all around the Tweed,
 He tends the sheep upon the plain,
 And tunes his oaten reed.
 He calls me his dear life and care,
 And his own Moggie too,
 And vows by all that's good and fair,
 To me he will prove true.

So

So Sawney is a worthy fwain,
And I'll be Sawney's wife,
Then bid adieu to care and pain,
And so be blest for life.



The UNKIND NYMPH;

Or, The SWAIN'S RESOLVE,

Written Extempore.

I.
AS wand'ring in a rural shade,
My soul quite wrapt in thought;
I chanc'd to meet the lovely maid,
Who all my heart had caught.

II.
I gaz'd, I view'd her with delight,
And told my love-sick tale;
But ah! the maid was in a fright,
And bid me quit the vale.

III.
But I more tenderly replied,
How can I leave the grove,
While here such matchless charms reside,
That I adore and love?

IV.

But all in vain I told my tale,
 In vain I strove to please ;
 For all my sighs could not prevail,
 Nor this fair maid appease.

V.

Some other swain there was in view,
 She said, she lik'd the best,
 And vow'd to him she would prove true,
 With him her heart should rest.

VI.

Then straight I left the cruel fair,
 And fled a long the plain ;
 For all her frowns I did not care,
 Since she did me disdain.

VII.

And now some other nymph I'll find,
 Endow'd with lovely charms ;
 One that will prove to me quite kind,
 And take me to her arms.

VIII.

Adieu ! Farewel ! then fickle maid,
 Adieu ! for evermore ;
 No more I'll strive to seek thy aid,
 No more thy smiles implore.

The

PASTORAL SONGS, 101

The HAPPY SHEPHERD;

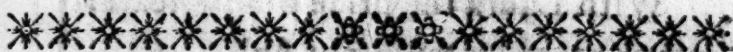
Written at sixteen Years old.

HOW happy a shepherd am I,
With Laura the pride of my heart;
I'll never more languish nor sigh,
Alas! she has cur'd all my smart:
She vows that she will be my wife;
By all that is honest and fair;
Then I'll be her husband for life,
And never know sorrow nor care.

Brother shepherds that toil on the plain,
By me take example I pray;
Throw off all your sorrow and pain,
And ever be chearful and gay,
Then nymphs that are modest and shy,
For once hear young Damon's advice,
The reason I'll tell you for why,
As happy you'll be in a trice.

Give each of your hands to your swain,
Then drive away faction and strife,
Bid adieu to all anguish and pain,
And be happy th' rest of your life;

Such is Damon's advice my kind fair,
 Then take it most freely I pray;
 So fly from all sorrow and care,
 And ever be joyful and gay.



Verfes to a YOUNG LADY, on the Charms
 of her Voice.

THY tuneful pipe, fair H--v--d,* flows
 Like Daulia's, in the shade;
 My heart with ardent rapture glows
 At thy sweet ferenade.

Ah! melody to thee belong,
 In thee it does reside;
 The sweet effluvia of thy tongue,
 Shall ever be my pride.

Euterpe's child, fair maid, thou art;
 And sure my only care;
 Thy voice it strikes like Cupid's dart,
 My charming, lovely fair.

Then

* The name of the lady.

PASTORAL SONGS, 107

Then fill thy lover's heart with bliss
 With thy enchanting strain;
 Ah! all I ask of thee is this,
 To ease me of all pain.

Then doubly tune thy plaintive tale,
 And rid me of all strife;
 O let me on thy charms regale,
 And make me blest for life.



A S O N G

*Intended to be sung under Jessica's Window, in
 the Merchant of Venice, by Lorenzo.*

LIST, O list! my Jessy fair,
 To Lorenzo's call I pray,
 Cease, Ah, cease! thy lover's care,
 Gentle Jessy come away.

II.
 Then to some sequester'd shade,
 Let us fly my charming maid;

There with honesty enjoy
 Such sweet bliss as ne'er can cloy;
 Then my fair no longer stay,
 Gentle Jeffrey haste away.



Corydon's Complaint to Lucinda.

Written at fifteen Years old.

WHY Lucinda will you stray,

From your ever constant swain,
 Who with anguish all the day,
 Sits repining on the plain.

Turn fair maid and view me here,
 Penfive sitting on the ground;
 Drooping, dying with despair,
 Gazing on the fields around.

When I view the pastur'd mead,
 There the pretty lambkins play;
 Shepherds tune their oaten reed,
 And each bird his plaintive lay.

But

PASTORAL SONGS, 1705

But what to Coroydon are these,
When Lucinda is not near;
Nought my sight can ever please,
Nor sweet sounds shall charm mine ear.

Then listen fair-one to my grief,
Take compassion on your swain,
View him pleading for relief,
Cease for ever all his pain.



LIONEL to CLARISSA.

Written at fourteen Years old.

Sweet Clarissa of the green,
Lovely as the Cyprian queen,
Ever blooming, young, and gay,
Charming as the fragrant May.

Young Lionel's constant care
Thou art sure my charming fair;
All his joys in thee rebound,
All his bliss in thee is found.

Then to church let us be gone,
 There unite both hearts in one ;
 So Clarissa do not stay,
 But to church let's haste away.



A S O N N E T.

Written at fifteen Years old.

Little Cupid! strike a dart
 Stedfast at fair Daphne's heart ;
 Make her glow with found desire,
 Fill her soul with am'rous fire.

Charm her with thy soft persuasion,
 Make her melt at Damon's name ;
 Give, Oh! give one kind occasion,
 To appease my ardent flame.

Strive to make us blest for ever,
 In a peaceful, humble state ;
 Let ambition move us never,
 Which abounds the rich and great.

Give

PASTORAL SONGS 107

Give us only decent substance,
With a little harmless cot ;
There to live without reluctance :
May this ever be our lot.



DAMON and LAURA.

A Dialogue.

DAMON.

AH! dearest Laura ease my pain,
Cease your Damon's anguish ;
Let me no longer sue in vain,
Nor long'r let me languish.

LAURA.

Yes Damon I will ease your pain,
Since I do cause your smart ;
Then come your ways my gentle swain ;
For here's my hand and heart.

DAMON.

Then straight to church let us repair,
 And join both hearts in one,
 And bid adieu to strife and care,
 So shield our joys alone.

BOTH.

Then we the happiest pair will be,
 That e'er our state possess;
 Happier far than monarchs they,
 Let them be e'er so blest.

*****P*****P*****

T O D E L I A.

MY muse aspire me to impart
 In humble ardent strain,
 To tell the anguish of my heart
 To her that caus'd my pain.
 Delia is the lovely maid,
 Alas! thou charming fair,
 Behold fond Damon seeks thy aid
 To ease his pain and care.

For

PASTORAL SONGS, 109

For thou alone can give relief,
Or anguish most severe ;
Thy rapt'rous charms are all my grief,
Until you prove sincere.



A Soliloquy on a Spring Morning.

HOW sweet the air ! how fair each scene !
How full of joy each field ;
What balmy odours breathe around,
What lays the warblers yield.

With what enchantment I review
Aurora's early ray,
That calls up Nature's offspring all,
To hail the fragrant May.

Transported o'er the mead I walk,
Or cross the verdant lawn,
Pursue the winding streamlet's course,
And mark the vernal dawn.

Devote

110 E P I T A P H S, &c.

Devote my song to him on high,
From whom those beauties spring,
And with extatic raptures cry,
My God is Nature's King!



STREPHON and PHOEBE.

A Cantata, intended for the public Gardens.

*Enter Stephon and Phoebe with Wands in
their Hands.*

STREPHON.

RECITATIVE.

HAIL lovely Phoebe! charming maid!
Why fly me thus, (*she avoids him*) Ah!
why so afraid?

Let me enjoy thy youthful charms,
And clasp thee ever in these arms.

Holding out his arms to her.

PHOEBE.

AIR.

Away thou false swain,
No longer in vain,

Thus

PASTORAL SONGS. III

Thus teaze and perplex me I pray ;
For all this cooing,
And all this wooing,
Shall never induce me to stay.
For all, &c.

STREPHON.

AIR.

Alas ! cruel maid,
My anguish assuage,
Nor keep me in pain and despair ;
Did you know my smart,
You'd give your heart,
Nor strive thus to rife my care.
Did you, &c.

PHOEBE.

RECITATIVE.

Begone false youth, fly hence and leave me,
You only court for to deceive me ;
But thus on me you'll never prevail,
For I'll ne'er list'n to thy flatt'ring tale.

STREPHON.

1132 E P I T A P H S, &c.

STREPHON.

AIR.

On honor fair maid,
My 'tention are laid,
For I mean not to deceive ye,
So prithee don't stand,
For here is my hand,
And heart both willing to wed ye.
So prithee, &c.

PHOEBE:

AIR.

Since you make proffer,
Of such an offer,
Here is my hand and heart likewise,
For now I believe,
You will not deceive,
And virtue and honor I prize.
For now, &c.

Du-

PASTORAL SONGS, 113

DUET.

Then we'll to church, and join both hearts,
And bid adieu to former care;
So banish from our minds all smarts,
And ever be the happy pair.
Thence we'll, &c.

Chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses.

May health and wealth both crown your
wishes,
When the nuptial knot is tied;
May peace and plenty,—endless riches,
Ever in your reach reside.

DUET II.

May health and both crown our wishes,
When the nuptial knot is ty'd;
May peace and plenty,—endless riches,
Ever in our reach reside.

CHORUS.

May health, &c.

D E

114 E P I T A P H S, &c.
D E L I A.

A Cantata; written at fifteen Years old,

Scene, a Grove; (Delia sitting pensive on a Bench.

RECITATIVE.

Y^E myrtle groves and shady bowers,
Sequester'd vales and vernal flowers,
What bliss should I receive for thee,
Couldst thou restore but ease to me.

(Soft music plays,

AIR.

Cupid, god of soft desire,
Take a hapless maiden's part,
Some relief to me inspire,
To subdue my constant heart.

(Rises and comes forward.)

RECITATIVE.

Cruel tyrant of my breast,
Sole destroyer of my rest,
Turn, Ah turn! and ease my pain,
Nor let thy Delia sue in vain.

AIR.

PASTORAL SONGS. 115

AIR.

On false man there's no depending,
For their vows are soon forgot;
Then what torments never ending,
Is the gen'rous maiden's lot.

Yet Damon urge not my request,
Cease at once my anxious pain;
Ah! make thy faithful Delia blest,
Take her to thy arms again.

AMOROUS BLISS.

*Or, the Charms of Miss Polly C**mb**d, of
Great Russel-street, Covent-Garden.*

The following flight of poetry, was wrote at the
particular request of a young gentleman, whose
amours are well known with the above nymph.

Omnia Vincit Amor.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none to me like Polly;
She is the comfort of my heart,
The sweets of am'rous folly.

Yet

Yet my muse forbear a-while,
Nor call it am'rous folly ;
For I ne'er can nor will beguile
The charms of pretty Polly.

Her milk-white breasts and sparkling eyes,
Did first inflame my mind ;
And her ambrosial charms that lies,
So beauteous and so kind.

Amorous blifs is our delight,
In Venus sportive bower ;
Sequester'd there we lay all night,
And pluck the vernal flower,



ELEGY, *Written at Colchester.*

Addressed to Miss K——n.

I Asked the muse that rules the sounding
lyre,
To wreathe my temples with one sprig
of bays ;

Some

PASTORAL SONGS, 117

Some lofty subject to my soul inspire,
Some lofty subject in heroic lays.

II.

But Venus came, the soft enchanting fair,
I saw her glancing from her native sky;
Loose flow'd her shining tresses in the air,
And love's own lustre trembled from her
eye.

III.

She bade me chuse a less ambitious strain,
And shew'd the image of a smiling maid;
Let Delia's praises echo to the plain,
To ev'ry murmur'ing stream and ev'ry
shade.

IV.

O ruthless goddess, am I doom'd to bow
Again to love's soft empire, and to thee?
Wilt thou no respite to my pangs allow,
No destin'd moment must this heart be
free?

V.

Yet not for this I past the sounding main,
Yet not for this I fought a distant shore;
Thy captive then, exulting, left his chain,
And scorn'd that pow'r which men and
gods adore.

But

VI.

But well thou hast aveng'd thy slighted pride,
 I feel thee now resistless in my veins,
 In vain would science soothe, and wisdom
 hide

Thy triumphs, goddess, and thy suppliant's pains.

VII.

Thee, Delia, thee, by ev'ry murm'ring
 stream,

Or thicket rude, unprest by human feet,
 I sung unheeded to the pale moon's gleam,

Thee, Delia, thee, the echoing gales repeat.

VIII.

Come then too fatal, and too lovely fair !

Come seek these groves, and ease a
 wretch's toil ;

One look from thee can mitigate despair,
 And bid all nature and thy lover smile.

IX.

Nor thou despise the shepherd's artless tale,

He leads fair Truth and Innocence along,
 Because she sings in some sequester'd vale,
 Are there no charms in Philomela's song ?

PASTORAL SONGS, 119

X.

O might thy lover hope to win thy praise,
His soul should kindle with a nobler flame,
This hand should seize the blood-besprinkl'd
bays,
Which conquest snatches from the shrines
of fame.

XI.

Place me where raging slaughter's crimson
wheels,
O'er gasping ranks of bleeding warriors
roar;
And if my soul one thought of danger feels,
O never, Delia, may I see thee more.

XII.

Nor deem, because I loiter in the shade,
I bear a breast unequal in the deed;
I hear the blasts of terror undimay'd,
Tho' pleas'd I listen to the rural reed.

XIII.

For I was nurs'd in Virtue's rigid lore.
Nor will the goddess disavow my claim;
She bade my steps the arduous path explore
Where sacred Honor points the way to
fame.

But

XIV.

But now far other cares distract my soul,
 Joyless the laurel wreaths of fame I see,
 And vain her animating thunders roll,
 If with her blasts she mix no notes of thee.

XV.

Then listen, Delia, to a swain undone,
 Ah! hear a slave condemn'd thy chains
 to wear;

So may thy days in peace glide gently on,
 Unmixt with grief, unfullied with a tear.

XVI.

For ah! in vain thy gentle tear would flow,
 To see thy lover press an early tomb;
 Then let thy pity mitigate his woe,

'Ere sickness wither, and despair consume.

XVII.

Wretch that I am! ah! rather let me bind
 Hope's dear delusive chaplet to my brow,
 Let fancy paint thee to my wounded mind,
 All sweetly smiling on thy lover's vows.

XVIII.

O how I long by arching shades o'erhung,
 Where breezes sport, and fountains mur-
 mer bland,

To hear the tuneful accents of thy tongue,
 To press the glowing softness of thy hand.

PASTORAL SONGS. 221

XIX.

O, how I long to lead thee to the bowers,
Where Flora scatters all her thousand dyes,
To braid thy glossy hair with dewy flowers,
And catch the mild effulgence of thy eyes.

XX.

Thus with ideal bliss I fondly try
Beneath the woodbine shade to soothe my
pains,
But ah! too soon the lovely phantoms fly,
And stern reality alone remains.

XXI.

She bursts with thunders arm'd upon my
dreams;
She tears me struggling from the wood-
bine shade;
She points to other groves, and other streams,
But, ah! she points me to no Heav'nly
maid.

XXII.

I come the mournful victim of despair,
Adieu, my Delia, and my hopes of rest!
So flies the wounded deer the hunter's snare,
Yet bears the arrow in his bleeding breast.

Verfes to a YOUNG LADY.

I.

WHILE others rest in balmy sleep,
And banish ev'ry care;
Into my mind thy beauties creep,
My sweet angelic fair.

II.

Then straight they drive each languid joy,
There wound each quiet thought;
My heart's the seat of beauty's boy,
With all his armour fraught.

III.

Believe me, Betty, lovely fair,
Believe thy captive swain;
Thy charms alone engross my care,
Alone can give me pain.

IV.

When round my neck with winning grace,
Thy snowy arms are thrown;
By Heav'n the dear, the kind embrace,
Bears all my reason down.

Gods!

PASTORAL SONGS, 123

V.

Gods! when from thy vermillion lips,
Where all the graces meet;
Reclin'd upon thy breast I sip
Ambrosial Heav'nly sweets.

VI.

What fancy can conceive the bliss,
What language can express;
Th' extatic joy, the rapt'rous bliss,
The glowing warm caress.



Verfes addressed to Mrs. GREVILLE, for
the unbounded pleasure ſhe gave the Author,
on ſeeing her in the *Irish Widow*, and o-
ther occaſions.

Written Extempore.

WHEN firſt I view'd thy lov'ly form, fair
lady,
It was in the part of Widow Brady,
G. 2 Where

124 E P I T A P H S, &c.

Where, I confess, you struck me with surprise,

You caught my heart, and ravish'd both my eyes.

Ah! cruel Greville! thus to wound a youth,
Whose heart for you has hoarded up its truth;

Then pray restore his injur'd sight again,
Nor let him thus bemoan his loss in vain.

O! did you know the anguish of his heart,
Some unfeign'd kindness you would sure impart;

Nor let a tender soul thus humbly sue,
Ah! dearest madam! for the charms of you.
O! give your smiles, and ever ease the pain
Of your submissive, and expiring swain.

Adieu.

Verfes

PASTORAL SONGS, 125

Verses received from a YOUNG LADY
for presenting her with Bell's Edition of
Shakespeare.

To Mr. HAWKINS.

GIVE me but Waller's pen, his ease of
rhyme,

Or else, assist me, all ye beauteous nine;
For much I wish, however plain 'tis dress'd,
My thoughts in simple elegance express'd;
Truth needs no disguise, no outward shew,
'Tis from the heart that sentiment must
flow.

All this you know, and better can explain,
But female-like, you see I must be vain.

I'll say no more; you will not criticise;
Your heart is honest, and your head is wise;
And gen'rous friendship can my faults ex-
cuse,

Off as you will the following lines peruse;
Let them my grateful thanks of tribute pay,
For sense and sentiments convey'd in play,
And for morality——that better part,
May ev'ry sentence search into my heart,

That while I read, I may the better grow,
And thank that friend who did't this gift
bestow.



*An Epistle addressed to Miss W***n, in An-
swer to the above.*

E P I S T L E.

YE sacred nine, with ease attune my lays,
Or, wreathe my temples with one sprig
of bays,
To answer W***n's sweetly plaintive strain,
That flows like Daulia's * pipe upon the
plain ;
With ev'ry sense true gratitude is join'd,
In all the taste of elegance refin'd.
Ah ! could my feeble pen but write like
thee,
What joy, what rapture, would then glow
in me ;

But

* A term for a Nightingale.

PASTORAL SONGS, 327

But feeble as it is, ——do pray excuse,
And take compassion on my tender muse,
For she is young and stubborn you must know,
And no harmonious sounds from her will
flow.

Accept then, madam, these unpolish'd lays,
That's wrote to celebrate your veres'
praise;

But ah! they claim much better praise than
mine;

The words are flowing, and the language
fine.

I'll say no more, for fear you should com-
plain,

And think my simple praises somewhat vain,
Tho' flattery's a thing, I must detest,

Plain dealing, madam, surely is the best;

And such by experience, I've found to bear

The greatest sway amongst the prudent fair;

Tho' flattery to some gives much delight,

But to the prudent, 'tis disgusting quite;

128 E P I T A P H S, &c.

And sure to you it must obnoxious be,
 Or to any endu'd with sense like thee,
 For thou hast prudence, learning, and good
 skill,
 Sense most refin'd, and wit at your own will,
 Where e'er you go, by ev'ry one caref'd,
 For gaudy pomp ne'er harbours in your
 breast,
 Nought but good-nature, gentility, and
 ease,
 In short, your company is sure to please;
 Whether thou art amongst the rich and
 great,
 Or whether 'mongst those of an humbler
 state,
 In these extremes, thou justly art admir'd,
 But ah! my feeble muse at length grows
 tir'd;
 For she, a sluggish jade, with all her arts,
 Can never paint, nor celebrate thy parts;
 Thy virtues are extravagantly great,
 Beyond a pen, like mine, for to relate;

And

And of the gift I didst on thee bestow
 May in your breast each moral sentence
 glow,
 And while you read, may you the wiser
 grow.
 Thus I take leave, and let the curtain drop,
 My muse has left me, so of course must stop.



*A Prologue, intended to be spoken on the Au-
 thor's first appearance on the Stage, in the
 Character of George Barnwell.*

BEfore this awful court, to-night appears,
 A youth of tragic parts, yet full of fears;
 Bashful and young, he ventures on the
 stage,
 Hoping your kind attention to engage;
 Barnwell's the theme, wherein he means to
 shew
 That youth's misfortunes, and excessive woe;

By which he hopes to draw a tender tear
 From you kind auditors that's fitting here;
 But ah! he fears that some stern wag will
 say,

"That stripling sure can never Barnwell
 play;

"He has not courage, wants a bolder face

"To act young Barnwell with a decent
 "grace."

But soft, (*pauses*) I think he told me, if I'm
 right,

He dreamt a dream most wonderful last
 night;

He thought that he was acting on the stage,
 And in an instant burst into a rage;

On hearing of a critic in the pit,
 Exclaim against him with his nauseous wit;

But presently he thought he was appeas'd,
 By gen'rous friendship, which to him in-
 creas'd;

'Twas Lady Dorothea that stood his friend
 And with this critic did herself contend;

For

PASTORAL SONGS, 131

For she quite vex'd, he thought, rose up at
last,

And cry'd, " Sir Critic, you condemn too
" fast;

" For know that I'm a judge, and sure can
" tell,

" That he's the very thing for young Barn-
" well;

" Behold his figure, action, voice and mien,

" God! was there ever such a Barnwell seen;

" By Heavens for the lad I'm all on fire,

" For his success my heart glows with de-
" fire;

" Then t' oblige me, Critic, I prithee stop,

" And o'er your censures let the curtain
" drop."

On these imagin'd things the youth relies,

And your indulgence in this enterprize;

And he his utmost efforts means to try,

For reasons many, — and I'll tell you why,

First, then, your praises, which he hopes
t' obtain;

Secondly for honor, if he's not too vain;

And lastly, for pleasure, and some little
gain.

Thus

132 E P I T A P H S, &c.

Thus I conclude, for I no more must say,

(Pulling out his watch.)

It is now quite time to begin the play,

(Warning bell rings.)

And hark! the prompter calls I must
away.



On Mrs. YATES first appearance in the cha-
racter of Mandane in Cyrus.

Written at twelve Years of Age.

YE nine harmonious maids attune my lyre,
To paint the poet's and the player's
fire;

In Yates, the excellence of both we view,
Just to herself, and to her author true.

Mandane is the theme, ah! that's the part!

Wherein she reigns the monarch of the
heart;

Her

PASTORAL SONGS, 133

Her graceful action, piercing eyes, and
voice,

Alas! how happy was the author's choice,
To chuse such sterling merit for his queen,
And paint delight in ev'ry ardent scene,
Such excellence combin'd ne'er 'fore was
seen.



*Oh seeing Mr. and Mrs. BARRY, in the
Characters of Othello and Desdemona.*

THOU great in action in a just degree,
Othello, Barry, Shakespeare meant for
thee;

For thee alone he wisely drew the part,
To charm the soul, and melt the frozen
heart.

In lovely Desdemona's tender strain,
Thy comfort there does equal honor claim;

She

She shines transcendently through all the
part,

The throng she charms, and rends the cri-
tic's heart ;

O ! may such merit ever grace the stage,
And rest distinguish'd in its latter age.



Verſes on the Death of Mr. MOSSOP,
the celebrated Tragedian.

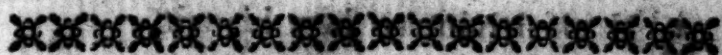
MOSSOP farewell, my honeſt friend
adieu !

No more is heard the plaintive voice of you,
But all is hush'd, the muſes 'gins to weep,
But for a time thou'rt only gone to ſleep ;
'Till call'd upon by the ſupreme above,
(That God of mercy and eternal love ;)
Ah ! then thy awful trial thou muſt take,
And of thy ſins a juſt confeſſion make ;

Then

PASTORAL SONGS, 135

Then wilt thou know thy everlasting fate,
(Whether a happy, or a wretched state ;)
But O! my friend ! my constant wish is this,
“ That thou may ever find eternal bliss.”



*An EPIGRAM on the Character of Juno, in
the Burletta of the Golden Pippin.*

Written Extempore.

WHEN Hara † took his pen to write,
The part of Juno with his might,
He sure had C-tl-y in his eye ;
For nature is in all the part,
Deck'd out with matchless skill and art,
Tho' in burlesqued poetry.
True it is the bard was never
Half so nat'ral nor so clever,
If he the part for C-tl-y drew ;
For he with judgment has prefix'd
Her artful and her vulgar tricks,
And form'd her wond'rous just and true.

† O'Hara.

A Stanza in imitation of Hudibras, on seeing a pretended witty-Fellow stung by a Lady for his abuse while she was reading a Play Bill.

AN self striving to shew his wit,
Was by a lady forely bit;
And all because it was her will
To read and gaze at the play bill.



On seeing a Young Lady that was prodigiously vain and affected with herself.

AH! why so vain! tho' blooming in thy
spring,
--- thou false ador'd, and wretched thing;
Old age will come, disease may come before,
At twenty * you're as mortal as at three-score.

* Alluding to the age of the lady.

Epi-

PASTORAL SONGS, 137

*An Epitaph on a late Attorney of the Middle
Temple.*

HERE lies John Sc-tt,
As great a sot,
As most when he was living,
And what is worse,
Ah! that's the curse,
He got his bread by thieving.

He us'd to write
With all his might,
To pocket people's treasure;
He was so sad,
So mortal bad,
His crimes was out of measure.

~~~~~

A N O T H E R.

*On a poor Poet.*

**I**F you would know it,  
Here lies a poor poet,

Which

138 E P I T A P H S, &c.

Which in the regions us'd to dwell,

But now, alas!

'Tis come to pass,

He's fell from Heaven down to Hell.

Yet he may be

From torment free,

Tho' that's a thing I really doubt;

For he, poor wit,

His brain had split,

In finding of the devil out.



A R E B U S.

**M**Y anxious soul once lov'd a maid,

I thought most charming fair;

Tho' she, alas! ne'er gave me aid,

But urg'd my pain and care.

Ah! cruel girl, thy name I'll tell,

In justice to my smart;

Which thou hast ever caus'd (full well)

From thy ungen'rous heart.

Half

PASTORAL SONGS, 939

Half of an herb begins her name,  
Esteem'd of perfect use ;  
Ev'ry one in physical fame,  
It's virtues can produce.

Two sixths of an instructing book,  
When its judicious wrote ;  
And if in which you chance to look,  
A science you may quote.

Three fifths of a sharp piercing wind,  
A human being take ;  
Add all these together you'll find,  
The fair-one's name 'twill make.



The SOLUTION.

*By a Friend.*

**BETONY**'s a plant this country produces,  
And greatly esteem'd for its physical  
uses.

When



When books are compleat, they're called  
a system;

If I meet with any, I seldom miss them.

The North-wind is most cutting, sharp, and  
keen,

The human being, Man, is plainly seen.

So it's BETSY NORMAN, 'thout any doubt,

You have so much anxiety about.

No, Mr. HAWKINS, let a friend advise,

(If she your care and love doth still dize)

Regard her as little as she does you,

And query, Sir, if that won't bring her to.

\*\*\*\*\*

An A C R O S T I C.

Walking in a meadow one summer's day,  
I a charming young damsel met by  
the way,

Let me salute ye, I cry'd, pretty maid,

Let me alone, and be quiet, she said,

I gaz'd, I look'd, and then to her reply'd

And must I, lovely fair-one, be deny'd;

Me will not let you, so be still she cry'd.

H ow-

PASTORAL SONGS. 141

H owever at last I obtain'd my my wish,  
A nd embrac'd this damsel with a kiss,  
W ith mutual kindness and rapturous bliss,  
K ind prov'd this maid, she was soft as the  
dove;  
I ndeed too as fair as th' mother of love;  
N o tongue can express the bliss I possess,  
S o charming it was, I ne'er was so blest.

F I N I S.

\* \* \* If any of the Songs, Cantatas, &c. contained in this Work, should be thought worthy the attention of some lady or gentleman, desirous of setting them to music, for the entertainment of any public garden, &c. the author cordially devotes them to their service.

